

ur  
ial Motto:  
IERS."

ve Self-Deny:  
joy to multiply,  
us to decrease,  
to crown with peace,  
s to gladness bring,  
to radiance fling,  
from our breast,  
OTHERS' nest,  
worlds' bleak woes,  
from Sharons' Rose,  
to be brothers  
d, our motto—  
ERSI"

L. BOOTH-TUCKER.

ou do me that good  
— steady."  
t made you treat me  
had that had fall?  
go on to the night  
lay's work up among  
I send me my wage?  
I was against you."  
ry, it was a little bit  
t that brought Jesus  
save your soul and

ob."  
and Harry Wellman  
Soldiers or one corps,  
what Self-Denial is.

—English War Cry.

KNEES.

AWSON once told this  
illustrate how humble  
must be before it can  
a revival meeting, a  
is used to Methodist  
to his mother, and said,  
and-so is under convic-  
for peace, but he will  
l, mother."  
" said she  
nly down on one knee,  
will never get peace  
n both knees."

good meanings and

ntial Week.

for God a portion,  
ugh it be but small,  
eful offering,  
and hath given all  
om God a portion,  
a growth you  
many blessings;  
providing you  
han all, you need—  
the hungry feed.

ue to Christ their  
res now will bring?  
yers and gifts we

s souls to save!  
"MIRIAM."

Official Gazette of  
Army, published by  
orn, S. A. Printers  
ort Street, Toronto.

# THE WAR CRY

GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA

VOL. III. No. 23. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world] TORONTO NOV. 27. 1897. [EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner for North Western America.] Price 5 Cents.



ENSIGN PEERS AND THE LOCAL OFFICERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY CORPS AT BARRE, VERMONT.

We opened Barre about nine months ago, have seen about one hundred kneeling at the penitent form, a number of whom have become soldiers, some of them local officers.

The first is Secretary McDonald, who got converted in Scotland under Colonel Jacobs, when a Lieutenant sixteen years ago. He bought a guernsey from the Colonel but did not become a soldier. Came to America about twelve years ago and wandered from God. He was one of the first to start after the opening, became a soldier, put on the guernsey which he had kept unsold for sixteen years.

Treasurer Veale has been converted some years, but came out in the Army for full salvation, has become a worker, the best "beggar" in the city. Collected 120 for H. P.

Sergt-Major Wilson converted about a year before the Army came, but got full salvation and is bound to make the Army a success in Barre.

Convert Sergt-Major Munroe was converted before the Army came, but got a little more fire and feels the Army is his place.

Color-Sergt. Richards is a two hundred pounder. His voice can be heard over the larger part of the city, but never was he heard in a small room before the Army came. Mrs. Richards is not so strong but can do her part as Band of Love Sergeant. She, too, claimed the blessing of holiness since the Army came to Barre.

War Cry Sergt. Perkins is another the Army has brought from a backslidden state. He works ten hours a day and

sells War Crys nearly every night. He is a worker of the first grade.

Sergt. Wilson was unconverted when the Army came, but through influence was brought to God, and means to drum the devil out of town.

Sergt. Gillespie was converted there years ago at Springfield, Mass. He loves God and the Army. Intends to be true to the Flag.

J. S. Sergt. Hall was saved in the Army ten years ago and feels it is his home. He is in charge of the J. S. war.

These officers are in full uniform, and this is great victory for Barre.

Ensign Peers.

He that gets out of debt grows rich. He that seeks trouble, never misses it.

Forbear not sowing because of birds. Many save their silver and lose their souls.

Make matters of care, matters of prayer.

Many a child is hungry because the brewer is rich.

Old men go to death; death comes to young men.

Many cut broad thongs out of other people's leather.

Make others happy and you will be happy yourself.

Make yourself an ass, and everybody will lay his sack on you.

Man's work lasts till set of sun; woman's work is never done.

The real chosen people of God are those who know His will, and do it.

# Florence Worth

FROM THE STAGE TO THE SALVATION  
ARMY.

## CHAPTER IV.

IN our last issue we had Florence Worth as she first appeared on the stage. This was, perhaps, rather premature, as she went through many alternations of hope and discouragement before she succeeded in getting behind the footlights.

One day Florence was at a customer's trying on some dresses, when one of the assistants approached her and said, "Miss Worth, there is a theatrical manager here who would like an introduction."

"Who is it?" asked Florence.

"Mr. John Coleman."

Florence felt very flattered to think of bona-fide manager should take an interest in her.



Florence Appears on the Stage as an Artist's Model.

John Coleman was not in a very flourishing condition just then, and was looking for a new "leading lady" to train as a star. With all the traditions of the past at his finger-tips, he was fully qualified to do so. He knew all the mechanics (lodges) of the stage, and was in deal earnest over the business. He believed he found in Florence the one destined to build his fortunes, and the parts he wished her to play were "Juliet" and the heroine of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," which he called "The Yellow Passport."

The Worths had by this time removed from Baywater to Gullford street, Russell Square. James Worth had gone for a trip to the States, when John Coleman called upon them and offered Florence the entire lead of his stock company, then about to play in Jersey.

Florence had no fear of the "parts," but never having been from home before

shrank from crossing the Channel alone. Whilst they were considering the matter, however, Mr. White sent for Florence to meet Mr. Mortimer (editor of "Penny"), who was then producing his adaptation of Alexander Dumas' "Dante de Lys," under the title of "Dante." Fanny Davenport, the famous American actress, was to appear for the first time in England, and they wanted Florence to pose as a model. One who would look the part was essential. He saw her picture in the agent's office, and decided she would do, and engaged her at two guineas per week.

Florence was now actually "on the stage."

She made her first appearance at Toole's as an artist's model, in which character we saw her last week. The papers criticized her very favorably, and predicted for her a very successful career. The play itself was not a success, however, and only lasted one month, instead of a season, as first intended.

Her next engagement was to go on tour with Marie de Grey, who was then acting at the Olympic, but after playing at matinees, etc., she was and up with some throat trouble and obliged to relinquish her engagement in consequence.

When better she obtained an engagement, touring as leading lady with a company to the provinces. Here it was that Florence made the discovery that there is no royal road to fortune. Referring to that tour she says: "I was fairly hunted, and spent eight hours out of the twenty-four preparing for the stage. I was playing a different piece every night, and at the same time was expected to learn my part for 'As you like it,' which was advertised to appear on the boards at Both."

"It is not too much to say that I breakfasted, dined and supped off Shakespeare. I well remember sitting up all night, too, studying by the light of a candle, drinking cold tea and rubbing menthol on my forehead and eyelids to keep myself awake."

"It was early spring and I saw the sun set and rise again."

"When the rehearsal was called, at eleven o'clock in the morning, my memory was quite gone for the time being! I could not remember a single word! I had to read it. Then I went home and slept heavily, in defiance of Shakespeare and on exacting words."

So great was her ambition at this time that Florence did not mind the work, nor was she discouraged by her inability to keep Shakespeare in her mind. Physical strength, coupled with a good amount of self-confidence, would, she thought carry her through. And so it turned out on more than one occasion, for when memory failed her she fell back on her own inventive genius and put words into Shakespeare's mouth which

he would never have recognized. This, in stage language, is called "gagging," and never resorted to but by the most daring.

"Where are you going to do it?" anxiously enquired the prompter on one occasion before going on to the stage.

"Don't know yet," replied Florence.

"Deuced awkward," said the prompter.

"How shall I know when to ring for the curtains to drop?"

"Oh, I'll give you a dying look all in good time."

And she did.

All this time Mrs. Worth was in London, her share in the triumphs being continual demands for new dresses for Florence.

Meanwhile, Florence was having a bad time in the provinces. The company she had joined had reached Penzance, where "East Lynne" was to be played for the first time.

It was not a success, and the distressed manager had only recourse to fall back upon Florence. Florence refused to descend to that, and so incurred his displeasure. Dispirited and feeling very ill, she went back to her lodgings and did a faint in result. A doctor who was called in said what she needed was rest, and unless she took it she would break down altogether. As soon as her engagement was concluded, therefore, she returned to London to find her home broken up owing to money losses, and her mother ill in consequence.

"To anyone feeling run down from overstrain this was a cruel homecoming. 'The pleasures of this world finish in weariness,' says the proverb. They were weary and heart-sick, both these women. Weary in the world, but not yet weary of it. They decided to cross the 'mercurial' and try their fortunes in America."

Mrs. Worth's only brother met them at New York and took them to his house at Orange, a charming place on the mountains, where the lovely air soon restored Florence to her wonted vigor.

In connection with her career as an actress in America, Florence says:

"It was my great desire to die on the stage! It seemed to me a fine thing to die in harness. I had a great contempt for any actor or actress who would spoil a scene to save themselves an injury. I considered it most important that the illusion (or delusion) of the 'presence' should be carried out at any cost to the player. Such heroism—it would be finalism (?) in a Christian—was not uncommon on the stage. I was most reckless of life and limb, and had some narrow escapes in consequence."

"I was 'starling' in 'The Danites' in and around Chicago, when, one opening night (Grand Rapids, I think), I met with my first accident. At the end of the first act I was supposed to be gathering flowers on the edge of a precipice, when the villains enter and shoot me. I immediately dropped out of sight (presumably down the ravine at the back). As a matter of fact, I was standing on a temporary platform, and the small place, screened off from the audience's view, for me to drop into, was not large enough to hold my length. The shot was the signal for the fall of the curtain, and as I slowly dropped on the 'picture,' the audience heard the thud of my body as it fell over the edge of the platform down on to the stage—the height of a lofty room!

"Of course I was carried home, put to bed, nursed up, etc. No! no! Nothing of the sort! I got up and acted the other four acts. The next night I thought (did not trouble to see) that the stage-managers would have the carpenters widen the platform; but when I got on it I found it was just the same, so I tried another kind of fall, which I thought would save me, with the consequence that I fell myself and took part of the platform with me. Then the manager waxed thoroughly indignant."

"Don't do the fall again in this theatre."

"Why? Are you afraid I shall kill myself?"

"Oh! You must look after yourself. I'm afraid you'll get me into trouble. I forbid the fall; that's enough."

Drink, though not confined to the stage, plays a terrible part in the lives of some whose talents and energies are prostituted for the purpose of providing amusement for a restless, heart-sick world.

Florence herself never came into the habit, though she used occasionally to slip neat whiskey before going on to the stage, but she saw many fall victims to the terrible habit. Among these was an actress, still young, though looking old through sin. She had been very beautiful, was intellectual and a gifted musician—one who, for her beauty and talent, had been eagerly caught up for the stage. She could play any line of business, and even take entire lead in anything, from a tragedy by Shakespeare down to the most recent farce. Decidedly a woman of parts. She had been a petted star in one of the colonies, where her husband was the leading manager of a theatrical circuit. His, like hers, is a well-known name in London and around the globe in theatrical society. She had often sat in her own private managerial box to see the great-

est artists of the world perform—her tiny hands covered with diamonds and her piquant beauty decked out to perfection.

The night before she joined the company in which Florence was leading she had a terrible experience. The man who passed for her husband suddenly went out of his mind, took up a hatchet and chopped up the furniture before her eyes, and then proceeded to dig an imaginary grave for her.

She kept him at bay by the courage and power and magnificence of her eyes, which she never took off him for a second; at last he settled a lighted lamp and hurled it into her travelling basket, which stood open ready packed. In the melee she escaped into the streets in her night-dress, and at daybreak gave the alarm to the police, who removed him to the asylum, which he never left alive. It was not long after this that one evening, whilst Florence was in her dressing-room, during the third act one of the stage-hands came to her and said, "Excuse me, Miss Worth, but that Miss — is lying up stairs in a passage under a sink. The governor will be in a tear if he sees her. What had I better do, Miss?"

"Show me where she is."

Upstairs they went, and there she was, helpless.

"Thank you, Brown," said Florence to her guide, "I'll see to her."

Then turning to the woman, she whispered, "You must pull yourself together; don't let the men see you in this state. Try and get up; give me your hand—no! But it was no use; she only fell back inarticulate. There was no time to spare, so Florence picked her up and carried her, dead weight as she was, down a flight of stairs into her dressing-room, propped her on a chair against the wall while she went and looked for the manager, to whom she said, 'I shall play my front scene alone; Miss — is not in a fit state to come on.' In the interval, Brown had informed him of what had happened.



"Florence Carried her—Dead Weight as she was—Down a Flight of Stairs."

"Poor Miss —" said Florence. "Before the curtain rose again, another of life's tragedies had been enacted—the poor, drunken actress had been dismissed. She was one of the many with whom I've had the one glass which had led to their subsequent degradation."

"It might so easily have been with me!"

(To be Continued.)

## Bitter and Sweet.

1,000,000 slaves still exist as far as is known.

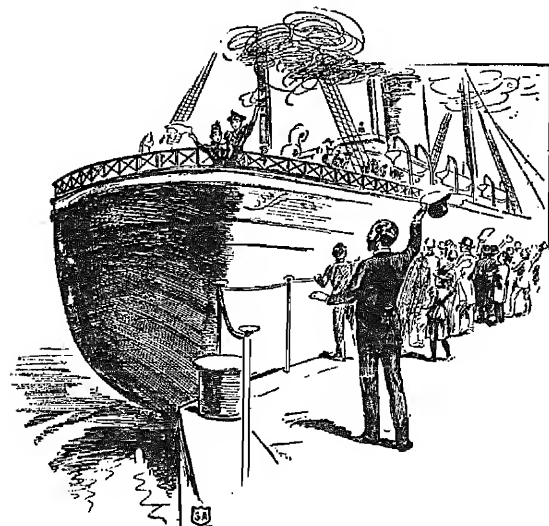
There are a great many more slaves in our midst which are not known as such.

The satisfaction of obtaining an advantage over a fellow-creature is transient compared with the lasting joy of self-sacrifice.

The yearly expenditure of the world for alcoholic drinks is estimated at \$1,500,000,000; while the expenditure for benevolent missions is \$667,200,000. That is, seventeen times as much spent for making beasts of men, than for converting heathens.

The consciousness of work well done increases self-respect, stimulates the energies, elevates the aims, and exalts the character of the worker. While he is striving to accomplish some good in the world, a re-creative good is entering into his own life and being.

A man cannot really be injured by his brethren, for no act of theirs can make him bad, and he must not be angry with them, nor hate them, for we are made for co-operation. Like foot and hands, like eyelids, or like thick lower and upper teeth.



"They Decided to Cross the Herring Pond."

## Territorial

By the TERRITORIAL

HOW delighted at the prospect of the one whose presence means instruction, blessing and cheer, which encourages our strength—the one who years of wonderfully and persistent fighting life so consistently friend and foe alike, unimpeachable that no critic could find fault. "I am a prophet of God," the benefactor of the and sorrow-stricken and as an exceptional passing leader of the an example worthy of our own loved and

God bless the General safely over the Atlantic-Canadian troops arrangements are no dates and places that are now decided in ready and bright to strive to break out comes.

The Field Commission, it is a compliment to with dimensions sufficient to convert the eight times the average wind up with fourty body's blessing. Had

The Commission other towns as the war will permit your way. Be that her and be despatch

Chant. Comruty. of Salvation Army, thirty men of were chastely got through light in his new cleving to hear of accomplished as the enterprise.

Should you propose at Christmas time take trip in the Smeaton is line a S. A. agency.

The Commission great move for the have secured a very popular spot, to be remodelled, made into a first alterations are all

Letters continuing donor's desk tell the writers need Toronto Congress.

The Christmas Brigadier Comrads have been donor has been have been held, which will meet complete shock to see the real picture orders at once—puzzling than the Christmas benefit

"Full up" is the us concerning Garrison at Ly but boys, you get a "move" names at once in the love and to rescue the t sin and hell.

Samuel Wigg leader of the W. O. F., is Commissioner's the title of Adjutant and h

There is only effort. The sacrifice. The plunge into comes on. Th trust Christ—



# Territorial Themes.

By the TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

HOW delighted we all are at the prospect of once more seeing and hearing the one whose presence in our midst means instruction, inspiration, blessing and cheer in the warfare which engrosses our time, talents, and strength—the one who through many years of wonderfully active, practical and persistent fighting, as well as by a life so consistently lived out before both friend and foe alike, and a character so unimpeachable that even the keenest critic could find no fault to condemn, has as a disciple and prophet of God, as a lover and benefactor of the poverty and sin and sorrow-stricken portion of mankind, and as an exceptionally skilled and surpassing leader of the Lord's hosts, been an example worthy of our closest imitation—our loved and revered General.

\*\*\*\*\*

God bless the General, and bring him safely over the Atlantic to his American-Canadian troops. The preliminary arrangements are now complete and the dates and places the General will visit are now decided upon. Everyone get ready and begin to pray for a big revival to break out wherever the General comes.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Field Commissioner has evidently had a wonderful time at Kingston. It is no small accomplishment in such a barracks with dimensions such as that at Kingston, to convert the Sunday's income into eight times the average amount, and to wind up with fourteen souls, and everybody's blessing. Hallelujah!

\*\*\*\*\*

The Commissioner is going to visit other towns as time and the stress of the war will permit—and may be coming your way. Be that as it may, pray for her and be desperate for souls.

\*\*\*\*\*

Capt. Cromarty, the officer in charge of Salvation Army operations among the shanty men of western woods, has successfully got through his first week's fight in his new command. We are believing to hear of much good being accomplished as the result of this new enterprise.

\*\*\*\*\*

Should you propose to cross the ocean at Christmas time, or design an over-lake trip in the spring, drop Staff-Capt. Simeon a line and look through the S. A. agency.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Commissioner has decided upon a great move for the Yorkville corps, who have secured a barracks in a more thickly populated spot. The old rendezvous is to be remodelled, rebuilt, redecorated and made into a first-class Rescue Home; alterations are already well under way.

\*\*\*\*\*

Letters continue to reach the Commissioner's desk telling of the great good the writers received during the recent Toronto Congress. Praise the Lord.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Christmas Cry is to be a daisy-Brigadier Complin and other kindred minds have been planning, the Commissioner has been scheming, conferences have been held, and lines laid down which will mean a surprise, if not a complete shock to some people when they see the real production. Bend in your orders at once—better miss the plum pudding than the Christmas Cry for real Christmas benefit and cheer.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Full up" is the rumor which reaches us concerning the Women's Training Garrison at Lippincott. That is good, but boys, you are all behind. Come, get a "move on," and send in your names at once to your P. O. and rush in the love and power of Calvary's Christ to rescue the lost and fallen ones from sin and hell.

\*\*\*\*\*

Samuel Wiggins, the indefatigable leader of the Marine Band of dear old W. O. P., is the latest to receive his Commissioner's recognition and honor—the title of Adjutant. God bless the Adjutant and his band.

There is only one cure for indulgence—effort. The only cure for selfishness—sacrifice. The only cure for timidity—to plunge into duty before the shiver comes on. The only cure for unbelief—trust Christ.—Cuyler.

world perform—her lay with diamonds and her decked out to perfection. Florence was leading the experience. The man who husband suddenly went took up a hatchet and urniture before her eyes, led to dig an imaginary

lay by the courage and edam of her eye, which of him for a second; at lighted lamp and hurried basket, which stood. In the melee she streets in her night-break gave the alarm to remove him to the never left alive. In this that one evening, was in her dressing-third set one of the in her and said, "Ex-orth, but that Miss— in a passage under a or will be in a tear if had I better do, Miss?" she is.

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be injured by his their's can make not be angry with or we are made rect and hands, lower and upper



things. — Ed.) During I was lonely. I saw what children (and what children) are away from home. Aviation Army officers are the reason why I believe their work speaks as an I were several hard cases including my son-in-law. I think with sorrow and their ways could be a was a continual quarrel. I am afraid if not been changed (referring to-in-law and daughter) sentimentality of the Salvo's quarrellings by this have resulted to something I only with a strong e to sing this song this vo often wished to sing e devil has always man- e from doing so."

Charles Abotossaway, Reserve, over 31st, 1897.

is entirely without t speak English. Has 20 years. Indian. Age 20.

## ER AND PRISON GATE OMEN IN MONTREAL.

Central Rescue Home  
e Queen City.

omotion — A Farewell —  
versions — A Practical  
J, and Other Items  
Women's Social  
Department.

missioner has sanctioned a Woman's Shelter and me in Montreal. It has need, and its opening with delight by many in that city. We have ar- and expect to open . During the bitterness whiter's severity many cheap shelter from the

our always generous to remember that down- and gifts of furniture, will be accepted for the new contributions to Ad- Antoine Street, or to Mrs. nde.

motion in the Women's e occurred by over nine service. Captain May- own by their title of En- re. Ensign Tovell has commitments in the Field will shortly take charge s. Nid., Rescue Home, cut success in blessing niles she may serve in l of the sea." She will, ready helpers in the St.

who has spent two years Newfoundland Rescue in November, and comes pt. Stewart in the com- onto Rescue Home. Sho ling, loving service, and in her efforts in the

resting looking roll, at ople. Curious, reader? milar roll which Staff- mired up from the table or use of the holder, was nothing less than a splendid new Central for young women in going to be without ex- in the Territory, and — be further information e near future. A very This scheme will have the Army in the Queen Rescue Home worthy of satisfactory work that has accomplished. We need project. We have not al help through the Cry for our Women's many months, but at re in urgent need, and doner, Miss Booth, will, delighted to receive from a substantial Self- is special scheme. For write to the Temple. o. Is there a need for may be asked by some We have not time in of the many calls to respond for want of our present funds.

## Important Social Developments

### IN THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

The New Timber Limit. Plenty of Work to do. Salvation in the Shanty.

To meet the demands of our largely developing coal and wood business in the city of Winnipeg we have had to take a larger wood-yard for our stock of wood, and for the sawing and splitting. We have also a stable on the new lot, and there is a house, and a shed has been built for the splitting of wood. The new yard is on the same street as the Shanty, and is much nearer to the C. P. R. yard, where all our cord wood comes in. Our two horses and wagons are kept on the run, and we are able to give work to a lot of the unemployed of the city and province.

One of the latest developments is the wood limit that we have just taken. This is seventy-two miles from Winnipeg, and is two miles wide and four miles long. There is a large shanty on the same, some stables, and about four hundred cords of dry hard wood which was cut last winter and which is ready for the market. We are only waiting for the snow to come for us to haul the same some two or three miles to the siding. The C. P. R. truck goes along the end of the limit.

A few days ago Adj. Cass, Brother Hupson and I went out to see the wood on the limit. We traveled there at about 4 p.m., and after walking for a considerable distance in the bush, and looking at the timber, which is very good and plenty of it for it has trees larger than any I have seen in Manitoba of the kind after wandering about for some time taking in the situation, the shades of night began to fall, and we, therefore, made for the shanty in the bush. We arrived just in time to save ourselves from being

#### Out in the Woods all Night.

The door was soon unlocked, a lamp (without a glass) soon lighted, and in a short time we had the two stoves going full swing. We then sat down and had some lunch, which was enjoyed as we were very hungry with our tramp through the woods. When supper was over we had some prayer when we all three prayed and the Lord blessed us in that rough shanty, and we rejoiced that He was no respecter of places and that where there is a soul to pray there is a God to hear and answer. The next thing that presented itself to us was "where are we going to lay down to-night and sleep, for we are tired and need rest." After due consideration it was decided to put an old mattress on the floor and cover it with our coats, and after making up a good fire, this we did, and although we had

#### Only a Stick of Cord Wood for a Pillow.

yet we slept fairly well. In the morning we felt stiff, but soon washed and took a walk through another part of the limit and saw some fine wood which is ready for the axe. After our early walk we had breakfast and prayers. We then prepared to leave the bush for the track and after milking the same we walked down to Pulver siding. Just as we arrived there we met four men on a hand car and asked them if the express would stop there and pick us up, and they told us no, we should have to walk some five or six miles further to a station. We had not time to do this so we waited where we were until the express arrived. We arranged to flag the train, but there was no flag, so Adj. Cass decided to pull off his red gaiters which he did, and when the train hove in sight the Adjutant was to be seen.

#### Waving His Gaiters Desperately.

the arms flying around in great fashion. The end was accomplished, the train stopped and took us on board, and we were soon in Winnipeg.

Last Monday was a very important day with the Men's Social here, for about twelve men were being sent to the limit to cut cord wood for the winter. Axes, saws, bladders, and the like being amongst the baggage. Capt. Cronmeyer has gone in charge of the bushmen and I believe they will be able to get out a good supply of cord wood for next winter. Adj. Cass has just got back from the bush and he reports a good time while there. In addition to the manual labor and business in bush shanty life, there are prayer meetings. Perhaps this is the only shanty in the bush in the North-West where prayer meetings are held, and God is respected and His kingdom sought first, I hope not.

The above extensions have enabled us to find work for quite a number more men. May God bless the same with great success. H. B.

### How to Sell the War Cry.

MRS. ADJT. BRADLEY, in charge of the Women's Training Home at Lupinott Street, Toronto, asked the Cadets the question, "How to sell the War Cry?"

The answers were so good that we intend publishing some. Here is one: Have a great love in your heart for the Cry. Read it thoroughly so that you will know what is in it, and so be able to tell others of what it contains.

Then, being well blessed in your soul, go out with an earnest desire to sell it, saying that it may be the means of enlightening some poor souls to realize their lost and sinful condition, and make them repent of their sin and turn to God and be converted. — Cadet Mary Stephens.



EMIGRATION. — "PRAYER LIKE OF STRAIGHT" between Canada and the Old Country. — To those who have an idea of going abroad we shall be pleased to furnish particulars of sailing accommodation and rates of passage given by the above Steamboat Company, for which we are agents. For Salvations we can offer special rates for either first, second or third class passengers by any of the Canadian line of boats. All information may be had from STATE CAPTAIN WESTON, corner James and Albert Streets, Toronto.



necessary meetings. -- Ed.) During their absence I was lonely. I felt exactly the same what children feel when their parents are away from home. I believe the Salvation Army officers are really good. The reason why I believe so is because their work speaks as an evidence. There were several hard cases on this Reserve, including my son-in-law. I used to often think with sorrow and perplexity how their ways could be changed. There was a continual quarrelling in our family. I am afraid if their ways had not been changed (referring to her son-in-law and daughter) through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army their quarrellings by this time would have resulted to something very serious. It is only with a strong effort I am able to sing this song this morning. I have often wished to sing it before but the devil has always managed to stop me from doing so."

Chief Charles Abotossaway,  
Sucker Creek Reserve.  
October 31st, 1887.

Mrs. Esquimaux is entirely without education. Don't speak English. Has been an invalid 30 years. Indian. Age 70.  
C. Abotossaway.

## NEW SHELTER AND PRISON GATE HOME FOR WOMEN IN MONTREAL.

**Splendid New Central Rescue Home  
in the Queen City.**

**Bride - A Promotion - A Farewell -  
Glorious Conversations - A Practical  
Self-Denial, and Other Items  
from the Women's Social  
Department.**

The Field Commissioner has sanctioned the opening of a Woman's Shelter and Prison Gate Home in Montreal. It has been a long-felt need, and its opening will be hailed with delight by many homeless ones in that city. We have arrangements in hand and expect to open in a few weeks. During the bitterness of the coming winter's severity many will find here a cheap shelter from the cold.

We should like our always generous Montreal friends to remember that donations of money, and gifts of furniture, will be very heartily accepted for the new scheme. Send contributions to Adj. Colman, 243 St. Antoine Street, or to Mrs. Reid, S. A. Temple.

The latest promotion in the Women's Social is one well-earned by our ever anxious faithful service. Captain May Towell will be known by their title of Ensign in the future. Ensign Towell has held over 20 appointments in the Field and Social. She will shortly take charge of the St. John's, Nfld., Rescue Home. We wish her great success in blessing the poor unfortunates she may serve in that "little island of the sea." She will, we are sure, find ready helpers in the St. John's people.

Ensign Ellery, who has spent two years in charge of our Newfoundland Rescue work, farewells in November, and comes to assist Staff-Capt. Stewart in the command of the Toronto Rescue Home. She is rendered willing, loving service, and has been blessed in her efforts in the past.

'Twas an interesting looking roll, at first to some people. Curious, reader? Yes. This particular roll which Staff-Capt. Smeeton picked up from the table and carried off for use of the butler, tractor, etc., was nothing less than plans for our splendid new Central Industrial Home for young women in Toronto. It is going to be without exception the best in the Territory, and, I think, there will be further information forthcoming in the near future. A very short time and this scheme will have been realized, and the Army in the Queen City will have a Rescue Home worthy of noble and satisfactory work that has hitherto been accomplished. We need money for this project. We have not asked for financial help through the columns of the Cry for our Women's Social Work for many months, but at present we are in urgent need, and Field Commissioner, Miss Booth, will, we are sure, be delighted to receive from the Toronto citizens a substantial financial gift for this special scheme. For particulars, write to the Temple, 100 St. Toronto. Is there a need for an extension? May be asked by some. Yes, yes. We have not time in this column to tell of the many calls to which we cannot respond for want of accommodation in our present Home.





## Special Announcement.

# The General is Coming Early in 1898.

Exact dates and places to be visited will appear later.

## WAR CRY

CONGRATULATIONS, COMMANDANT.

THE Territory takes off its cap in admiration of its former valiant leader, the Commandant, in the splendid stroke which he has just scored in Australia's Self-Denial. Comrades in Canada, Newfoundland, and North-West America, kindly with enthusiasm over the inspiring achievement, and extend heartfelt congratulations to their brothers and sisters in arms across the sea, by whose plucky endeavors the astonishing total has been secured. The news is specially inspiring to our field at this moment, finding us, as it does, in the midst of our own Self-Denial battle.

### NEWFOUNDLAND'S JUNIOR ADVANCES.

THE news of the quick march of the Junior boom in Newfoundland is encouraging and significant of the healthy condition of the war in that portion of the battle ground, as progress in children's endeavor generally. The three months set apart for the boom are by no means yet run out and there is plenty of time before the end of the year for all the Progress to make distinguished themselves. We congratulate Major McMillan and his courageous band of fighters upon the toll and trust which has brought about, with God's blessing, the splendid achievement.

### COLONEL HOLLAND "HELD UP."

WELL known amongst us, and wherever known appreciated, is Colonel Holland, formerly Chief Secretary in this Territory. Owing to the whirl of activity in which the Colonel delights to revolve, and the rare modesty of his character, the Editor has never been able to get any news from this flying meteor of a man since he left this Headquarters. Happily, however, just as the "Colonel" was about to take up his new role as Governor of the Colorado Social Colony, the Literature Chief at New York "held up" the Colonel, and in that spirit of fraternity which always characterizes him, sent on advance sheets to us so that the two interviews appear simultaneously. We have only to add that all reports respecting Colonel Holland since he took over the Social work of America, represent him as having been brilliantly successful.

### A COMRADE'S SORROW.

THE home of one of our headquarters staff has recently been shadowed by sudden and severe grief by a

sad bereavement. Capt. Jamieson's father died without a minute's warning when returning from his work (the other day). His wife and children, the youngest of whom is our devoted Editorial stenographer, feel keenly the falling of this terrible and unexpected stroke. It is such seasons which reveal what comradeship exists in Territorial Headquarters. As in a family where each feels the sorrow as well as shares in the triumphs of the other, so our closely knit staff sympathizes with all that concerns one of their number. The prayers of the many comrades who have besieged the Throne of Grace on behalf of the surviving have been distinctly answered by God who has wonderfully upheld and sustained them in their time of anguish.

### THE XMAS MARVEL.

THE Editorial wing of Territorial Headquarters must needs live much ahead. While yet the Self-Denial issue of the War Cry was being run off the huge presses in the printing house, pens and plans were busy in the Editor's office with the forthcoming Christmas number. Twelve months since, our last Christmas special was voted by all who saw it to be a splendid production; but a glance over the preliminary programme of attractions for this coming issue convinces at once that it will far surpass anything that has gone before it. The colored frontispiece will be a triumph of the artists' and printers' skill in the representing of an original and suggestive idea—the result will be well worth framing and will delight all our readers. As to the store of good things to be found between the colored covers we must leave our readers to anticipate their beauty and interest. Stories, articles, pictures, will be of the highest order. The Commissioner is already engaged upon one of the most stirring articles ever published from our press.

### THE JUNIOR CADETS' BRIGADE.

THIS latest development of the Territory's junior warfare is now an organized fact. The need for whose meeting the scheme was planned is one which has long agitated the General's heart and mind, viz. how to secure the youth of our corps for future officership in the light. The Brigade provides for the enlistment of those who, while yet in their teens, feel the call of God compelling their life's service, and accepts such, if suitable, as candidates for future warfare. The time of probation which must necessarily elapse before the Junior Cadet has reached the age at which he can actually enter training, is profitably occupied by a system of education in warfare at his corps, which space he fills up regular reports of his work and is under the direct supervision of his officer. The value of the scheme is two-fold. First, it secures while yet in their impressionable years the young people of our light for the service of God and the King. Second, it ensures the provision for future battles of a band of young fighters who, when ready to step into the post of battle, will be already acquainted with the first tactics of the battle. The Junior Cadet Brigade is a kind of nursery for the future officers and in these its early days prove of its wide-spread and influential blessing to the entire Army.

### THANKSGIVING DAY.

ALTHOUGH the date of this Cry is after that fixed for Thanksgiving, giving day, it will be in most of our readers' hands by the 25th of November, when all citizens of the United States and Canada will be uniting in praise to Almighty God for the beautiful blessings of the year. Another twelve months of plenty have set their seal to the Lord's faithful promise that while earth endures "seed time and harvest shall not cease." Winter frosts and summer rains have not hindered God's providence, the very circumstances which might have been expected to form difficulties have but helped to carry out His purposes and bring forth the fruit of field and tree necessary to the sustenance of man. In the breasts of all there rises at times the desire to praise the God for the countless blessings of the year, and in that spirit of their acceptance of His will and way for those happy are these spirits tuned only as Blood-washed hearts can be to that harmony of praise which not only voices itself in continual and kind service here on earth, but makes sweet music in the ear of heaven.

### THE LOCAL OFFICER.

THE publication of a separate periodical, as reviewed elsewhere in our pages, for the profiting and pleasure of the local officers of our ranks marks another onward epoch in the im-

portance of these warriors as a distinct and valuable fighting force. We are coming, as an organization, hourly the more to realize that the mover and progress of our corps is almost as much dependent upon the faith and works of the local as it is upon that of the officer in command. The latter can do little more than that which the locals support him in. With their tremendous advantages of local influence, residence on the particular field and consequent familiarity with the circumstances peculiar to its warfare they hold a unique position of possible and permanent usefulness. The example of their life, added to the faithful testimony of their words will back up the Captain's sermons as no other influence could do, and they will be especially suited to the dealing with and caring for of the converts of their corps. The fact that their numbers in this Territory are increasing, speaks well for the health and prosperity of the field as a whole and gives promise for the solidifying of just good work done and the accomplishment of still greater things. The local officers' own paper cannot but assist materially towards this end.

### THE LATEST ABOUT THE NORTH-WEST TIMBER LIMIT.

EVERYTHING going along splendidly. Men are happy. Adjt. Cass gone down with provisions and supplies for the men. I am sending a car for the purpose of sending down a team, supplies, provisions, etc. The C. P. R. runs by the side of the limit. Fourteen men now occupy the log skidway. With their axes and saws they are at it daily. BRIGADIER BENNETT.

### AUSTRALASIA'S GREATEST FINANCIAL TRIUMPH.

(Special.)  
A WORLD - THRILLING announcement is flashed from Australia's shores of the Self-Denial success just achieved there. A total no less than \$25,000 has been secured by the devotion, faith and hard work of the stout-hearted warriors on the Australasian battle-field, nobly commanded by Commandant and Mrs. Booth. This magnificent figure exceeds anything that has ever been accomplished in the line of a financial effort in that Territory, and is a mighty indication of progress made and future prospects.

### THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY WITH THE STAFF BAND AT LIPPINCOTT STREET

(Special.)  
HARD day's fighting was spent at Lippincott St. This is an old battle-ground of the Brigade's, and many old friends were present at the meetings. Literary and freedom characterized the meetings throughout. The band played excellently, proving a great attraction, and the success being very good. Although none yielded, yet the truth as delivered by the Brigadier, and the desperate earnestness of the band, as well as the soldiers of the corps, in the prayer meeting, caused many to weep and write under the power of the Spirit. Eleven backsliders stood to their feet in response to a request from the Brigadier, thus admitting the joy and blossoming of their former experience compared to that of their present.

### JUNIOR WAR IN NEWFOUNDLAND Advancing with a Rush.

(Special.)  
THE J. S. boom in Newfoundland has been taken hold of in good style by everybody concerned. Major McMillan sends a most cheering and encouraging letter to the General Secretary saying that the target set will be left far behind. St. John I. is running ten companies, while St. John's II. has increased attendance, and has started the Band of Love. Harbor Grace has secured a building for J. S. purposes and the work is going ahead splendidly. In addition there is a prospect of eight Junior Cadet applications from one corps in the Island. This ought to inspire everybody else to do something.

## MISS BOOTH

CONDUCTS

## Biggest Meetings

AT

## KINGSTON,

Sunday, November 14th.

Kingston stirred. All previous records broken.

Hall packed.

Thrilling addresses.

Audience spell-bound by the Commissioner's straight, hard Salvation talk.

Collections eight times over the average.

Fifteen souls.

BRIGADIER SHARP, Provincial Officer, East Ontario.

### OUR LATEST PERIODICAL.

(Special.)

INTO our paper war there has stepped a warrior in magazine form who promises as valiant and wide-reaching service as any of its predecessors in the fray. "The Local Officer" is at once one of the most aggressive, instructive and interesting papers that has been our fortune to hold in our hands. Its peculiar attraction is discovered in the fact that its every page is glowing with vivid interest to the reader to whom it comes. Local Officers of all ranks and characters find their difficulties and opportunities alike dealt with in its pages. Its contributors are headed by the General and embrace some of the best and most able writers in the Salvation Army, while Local Officers themselves hold a prominent place in their own paper as writers. Photographs of local bands and of various "local lights" form its principal illustrations, and the personal paragraphs and pithy points of every description profusely scattered between the weightier articles give it a peculiarly cheerful and interesting appearance. What the "Officer" has been in blessing and instruction to the corps-commander, this up-to-date, Blood-and-Fire little periodical is destined to be to the local upholders of the Cross and Flag for whose service it is exclusively published.

### WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT OUR PAPER.

"I read your War Cry with interest and pleasure."—Staff-Capt. W. Scott Potter, Minneapolis, Minn.

A friend at Huntsville says, "Am a constant reader of the War Cry—must say am spiritually blessed by its contents every week."

Your S.-D. Cry has just arrived. I had time only to glance at it, but to do even that is to be thrilled. That frontispiece is O. K., and the picture of the Field Commissioner inside is grand. More power to you all! Affectionately yours, J. J. Atkinson, Staff-Capt.

Adj. Taylor, of Simcoe, referring to the value of a newspaper mention of the War Cry, which many of our Father friends are willing to give us if only asked, says:

I have often tried this plan before and always with success. I remember especially the General's interview with Gladstone, and Trickett, the ex-champion's experience being mentioned in the local papers helped much with the sales.

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THEY SAY ABOUT OUR PAPER.

our War Cry with interest and

enthusiasm. War Cry, W. Scott Potter,

## MIXTURES.

There must have been a jolt in the pit when whiskey was invented.

Both the Collingwood papers inserted an advertisement of our Self-Denial War Cry.

Adlt. Page (the sub editor) conducted a meeting at the Lighthouse on Sunday evening.

Capt. Hart, of the Temple has recovered his recent illness, and is on the move again.

Quite a number of men are employed by the Army in Winnipeg cutting and splitting wood.

Brigadier Stevenson opened three corps in ten days soon after taking charge of the Buffalo Chief Division.

"I am in a big rush with S.D., and the Spokane Shelter," so writes Brigadier Howell in his latest despatch.

The "O. K. Review" is the title of a bright weekly for officers issued by Brigadier Jack Adlt. at Chincinai, O.

In the city of Winnipeg the Army has four horses going fast as they can, delivering wood to the people.

Staff-Capt. Hargrave spent a morning with the "Globe" at Toronto. Subject: "J. S. and Band of Love." Great interest evinced.

His face wears an anxious look. Who? Ensign Alward, of the Temple. His target is \$200. He is bent on getting there.

Many of the roads the Staff Band travelled over on Sunday were rough, but they "didn't mind" and "went on" anyway.

Fifteen Bibles and testaments are to be found in the home of Ensign Shaw's uncle and aunt with whom he is recently resting.

Capt. Blosa, late of Montreal, spent his last week-end with the Staff Band, and looked well in all the resplendent glory of his scarlet tunic.

At a recent Sunday night meeting at Montreal, there was an enrollment of four sisters, and at the close four souls sought the mercy seat.

Some of the Self-Denial nomination papers to hand at West Ontario Headquarters make quite a shewing, and indicate excellent prospects in some directions.

Correspondents are requested to forward the Editor marked copies of any publications in their neighborhood containing references to the Salvation Army.

We hear of several officers who have made quite a "hit" already with country collecting, having secured a tangible sum towards their target. Several are doing splendidly with the socks.

Speaking of the Self-Denial, Major Southall says, "We are going to have a hard struggle. BUT WILL FIGHT IT OUT." Good, Mr. Will-fight-it-out will get there."

"Ead McAmmond up O. K." So reads part of a letter from a high Presbyterian Official, of 2nd Nov. Strangely! Man like McAmmond married, and NO REPORT REACHED WAR CRY.

I see nothing right or day but S.D. What a target, \$25! We are getting a few souls. Band of Love is quite a success here. Thirty members. Only started two weeks ago. N. Smith, Capt. Collingwood.

Judith's work in West Ontario has felt the benefit of the special attention given to it since the Toronto meetings. Adlt. Taylor, of the Simcoe District, has five Band of Love classes going on, and expects to have twelve companies going by the end of the year, not only that but every corps in the District is making a special effort on these lines.

The souls of the Leger St. barracks make interesting reading. The following are a few samples: "Strangers who desire to be visited please leave address." "Officers' quarters 131 Leger St. Please report any cases of slothiness." "Don't fail to read the War Cry this week."

Then follows list of contrabands. The enterprising P. O's are Capt. T. H. Adams and Lewis.

Mrs. Adlt. Phillips writes from Victoria B. C. informing us of an error that appeared recently in connection with the report of the H. P. victories in the Pacific Province. The report should have read "Vancouver the champion \$25. Victoria second \$20. New Westminster third \$15. Instead of second, and Spokane fourth."

We gladly make the correction and congratulate Victoria upon the excellent result of their H. P. effort.

REVIVAL TIMES.—From all parts of

the West Ontario Province tidings of victory in the soul-saving line are rolling in. Windsor is having a splendid harvest. Ingersoll is sharing in the refreshing showers. Woodstock, Barrie, Stratford, Chatham and a number of others report souls and an improvement in attendance, etc. The prospects for a winter campaign are splendid. Some of the smaller stations are doing well.

## Cobourg Captivated

BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER'S VISIT.

Elite of Society Present—Crowds Turned from the Jammed Town Hall—A Tip-top Meeting.

(Special Despatch.)

MISS BOOTHE'S first visit to Co-

bourg the talk of the town.

Tremendous excitement. Town Hall jammed. Crowds turned in disappointment from the doors. The elite of Cobourg society present. The clergy re-

sponded. Meetings on the crest of a wave of enthusiasm, interest and blessing. The Commissioner mightily upheld despite the strain of Sunday. Her in-

spired utterances received breathless attention. Willie and Ivor stormed the hearts of the people. Adlt. and Mrs. Shanyou ably assisted. Cobourg's gallant little corps given a mighty impetus by the visit of its warrior leader.

## FIRE SWEEP WINDSOR VISITED

By the Eastern Provincial Officer.

Forces There in Good Spirits—Gas House Captured—The Drink Again.

ON my return to St. John from the

Councils, and after concluding up matters at the Provincial Office, I paid a flying visit to Windsor.

Which of late has been almost entirely destroyed by fire. The town is in ashes. Hundreds having been burnt out of house and home.

The surrounding cities and towns have come nobly to the help of Windsor. Car loads of food and clothing have been sent for the needy, and we learn about \$20,000 has been given.

Everyone in need is being cared for by the relief committee, and doubtless this will be continued throughout the winter, though company charities are being put up for the winter to accommodate some families, while others have got shelter in the few houses which escaped the fire.

All the churches, with the exception of the Episcopal Church of England, have been burnt out. Our barracks also came down to ashes, and for some time our comrades carried on their work of saving souls in the open air. Luckily the officers' quarters were saved and this was made the headquarters for prayer meetings, etc.

I found our dear officers (Ensign Graham and Capt. Amberson) and soldiers in good spirits and the energetic D. O. with the aid of a gentleman had just secured the old gas house for the meet-

ings for the winter. Willing hands soon made rough platform and seats, and on Sunday, Nov. 14th their new home, which accommodates about 200, was opened. The meetings were glorious. I was there for the three following nights, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On Monday night I had the joy of enrolling under the flag seven new recruits, one of whom came to God in one of my previous meetings at Windsor. Halcyon! Late evening was present, although the weather was very much against us. The first night the hall was crowded, and the last night was just about filled. The meetings were full of spirit and life, and they did sing and shout and testify. It would have done War Cry readers good to have been present. The meetings resulted in four kneeling at Jesus' feet. Halcyon!

God bless and sustain our Windsor comrades, and may they never weary in waging a good warfare against sin and Satan.

We learn that an individual, drunken, possessed, set fire to the town. May God hasten the day when drink shall be driven from our fair land.

Yours to help to do it.

J. S. PUGMIRE, Provincial Officer.

## St. John, N.B. City is Being Stirred.

No. 1. and No. 111. ARE VISITED BY MAJOR PUGMIRE.

Great Revival Services Coming on.

S T. JOHN officers, soldiers and friends are enjoying a great treat.

Our beloved Major has returned from Toronto, after attending the Field Commissioner's wonderful Officers' Councils and public meetings, where the glory came in floods and floods they could not contain, and also enjoying a few days much-needed and well-earned rest at the beautiful Sodus Farm.

He was in good spirits, of course. Did you ever see him anything else? He, with Mrs. Pugmire and the children, arrived home on Friday, after a long, tedious journey. We urged him to rest for the Sunday, but, oh in vain, he WOULD have a go in at No. 1. on the Sunday night.

A good crowd came, and the meeting was full of interest. The Major spoke from Revelations, about the new heaven and the new earth. He brought the people up to the glories of heaven, and tears were seen in some eyes, as he vividly pictured the dear bereaved mother bend over her little darling in the casket, and went on to show the beautiful death of the saints on earth. Then to the caverns of the lost he brought them, and pointed out the

Souls Who Would be Damned

—the fearful, the unbelieving, the abominable. "It may be difficult," he said, "to point out an abominable sinner, and yet I don't know. There was an abominable sinner in the car the other night. Mrs. Pugmire had just worked hard to get the baby to sleep, and had succeeded, when this man entered the car. With oaths and curses he came in. I should think he swore at the rate of sixty miles an hour. He stopped at the seat where the little one was sleeping, and commenced to pound her with his hand."

"Here, look out what you are doing," I said. He stopped and went out, but in a little while came in again, appearing a bit sorry. Leaning over the back of the seat, he asked if the child was sick. When I told him she had never been asleep since he awoke her, and her mother was tired and weary with the long journey, he held out his dirty fist, and I caught hold of it and told him I forgave him."

He gave many interesting illustrations, and the crowd followed him closely. At the close one soul knelt at the Cross.

Then on the following Thursday we had an Officers' Council in the cosy little office of the Training Garrison. About two dozen of us met together and God did come upon us of a truth in power and great blessing. The Major brought some good news from Toronto for us, told us of the Field Commissioner's interest in the officers, and shared out upon us of the blessings he had received at her councils recently. Some plans were hit upon for the furtherance of the war this coming winter, and we are expecting the Eastern Province shall come out on top in every way.

At night a great united meeting was held. A new crowd of officers have just arrived in the city, every corps having a change but No. 1. The platform was filled with

Bright, Happy Soldiers and Officers.

The Major was at his best. Staff-Capt. Gage, who appeared on the scene of action for the first time since being confined to the house with cases of diphtheria in his family, told of God's wondrous power, and great goodness to him in bringing them through all right. He spoke with feeling and tenderness, and of his firm confidence in God, and every heart responded "Amen!"

The meeting was good—crowd large, collection good, and the presence of God felt, but no visible results were seen.

No. 111, had their turn on Sunday. All day the Major and Staff-Captain held forth in proper S. A. style.

In the morning there were threatening of rain, and at noon it came and continued pretty much until the evening. This hindered the crowds from coming, still a goodly number were present at each meeting, which were much enjoyed by all.

How those soldiers did sing. They DID seem a proper blood-and-fire lot, and we enjoyed ourselves immensely amongst them. We closed the day with three kneeling in the cross for pardon and cleansing.

## The Christmas War Cry, Surpassingly Interesting, is Coming!

ONLY FIVE CENTS.

ORDER OF THE CAPTAIN AT ONCE.

This morning (Monday) the Major is off for Windsor, to stand by our comrades there in their suffering, and Friday on this week he commences six days' revival services at No. 1. Afternoon and evening meetings will be held, and we are expecting God to come and visit us in a special manner, and break up the hard, barren, unfruitful soil. Look out for further reports from this part of the battle field. We are rising.

"RED RIDING HOOD."

For All Salvationists and Friends.

From the Women's Social Secretary.

We have been pleased to great in-

fluence through officers and friends sending kites to our Rescue Homes without first communicating with us.

We are always pleased to help any poor girl or little child, but arrangements MUST FIRST BE MADE. A telegram to us is not sufficient, a letter with full particulars and names of the case must be sent and we will send reply immediately as to whether we have accommodation. Kindly, therefore, seek information from the matrons of our Homes, viz., Staff-Capt. Brown, River-

view Ave., London, Ont.; Adlt. Jost, 55 Elliott Road, St. John, N. B.; Adlt. Holman, 25 St. Antoine St., Montreal, Que.; Ensign Deeksford, 486 Yonge St., Winnipeg, Man.; Adlt. McDonald, 11 Church St., Halifax, N. S.; Ensign To-

vell, 12 Pennywell St., St. John, N.B.; Adlt. Ward, 55 Wellington St., Ottawa, Ont.; Adlt. Jordan, 115 Westwood St., Hamilton, Ont.; Ensign Orchard, 109 New St., Helena, Mont.; Adlt. Langtry, 224 4th Avenue, Spokane, Wash.; or Mrs. Brigadier Reed, Temple, James and Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.

SECRETARY J. N. HYDE, who is, by consent of National Headquarters, New York, compiling an International group of S. A. officers from all parts of the globe, and who has already received a number of photos from Canada, desires a few more to complete the group. It would be advisable to send those photos that have been taken without the cap. This request is to all officers—men and women form the rank of Captain up. Address, Secretary J. N. Hyde, Box 461 Santa Clara, Cal.

The new Prefect of Police in Paris, France, has issued an order forbidding women to wear high hats at the theatres.





21. would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. particulars can be had from STAFF-CAPTAIN SURE, Cor. James and Albert Streets, Toronto.



# OUR ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND SELF-DENIERS.

Speaking Figures of War Cry Fighting on the Streets and in the Saloons.

NOTE.—Owing to the immense distances which have to be covered before the War Cry and Young Soldier reach their destinations, and the fact that three million copies of the Young Soldier and War Cry are tested annually, thus necessitating a big weekly issue, War Cry and Young Soldier sellers must not reckon on seeing their names appear for a month after their sale has been sent to the office—brigadier Compton, Ed.

Capt. McIntyre, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	350
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock (av. 2 wks)	230
Cadet Woodworth, Windsor (av. 2 wks)	209
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, New Glasgow (av. 2 wks)	191
Cadet Iva Strong, Winnipeg (av. 2 wks)	145
Lieut. Dora, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	135
Sergt. Mrs. Peuce, Temple (av. 2 wks)	125
Father Armstrong, St. John III (av. 2 wks)	122
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax (av. 2 wks)	112
Ensign Rayner, Gall (av. 2 wks)	110
Ensign Walker, Belleville (av. 2 wks)	108
Lieut. Barker, Brandon (av. 2 wks)	107
Mrs. Adjt. Gale, Port Arthur (av. 2 wks)	102
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Vancouver (av. 2 wks)	100
Sergt. Van Camp, Dillon, Mont. (av. 2 wks)	99
Capt. Hill, Montreal II (av. 2 wks)	89
Ida Bezzo, Clinton (av. 2 wks)	88
Lieut. Thom, Chatham, Ont. (av. 2 wks)	86
Capt. Newell, Halifax (av. 2 wks)	86
Ensign Stalger, St. Albans, Vt. (av. 2 wks)	83
Capt. McManney, St. Albans, Vt. (av. 2 wks)	83
Lieut. Siech, Pembroke (av. 2 wks)	82
Capt. Parker, Quebec (av. 2 wks)	82
Cand. Mrs. Skeedon, Hamilton I. (av. 2 wks)	80
Sergt. McQueen, North Sydney (av. 2 wks)	75
Capt. Ryan, Kentville (av. 2 wks)	73
Capt. Graham, Edmonton (av. 2 wks)	71
Capt. Perry, New Glasgow (av. 2 wks)	70
Lieut. Sparks, Fredericton (av. 2 wks)	68
Sister Lanester, Great Falls (av. 2 wks)	65
Capt. Jackson, Pictou, N. S. (av. 2 wks)	65
Sister Smith, Wallaceburg (av. 2 wks)	63
Capt. Nyland, Sherbrooke (av. 2 wks)	61
Lieut. Bacon, Montreal II (av. 2 wks)	60
Adjt. Blackburn, Cornwall (av. 2 wks)	60
Cadet Herringshaw, Rat Portage (av. 2 wks)	56
Capt. French, Peterboro (av. 2 wks)	56
Sergt. Crane, Fredericton (av. 2 wks)	55
Sister Sullivan, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	55
Lieut. Krell, New Westminster (av. 2 wks)	55
Mrs. Dawson, Guelph (av. 2 wks)	54
Mrs. Scott, Guelph (av. 2 wks)	53
Adjt. Aikenhead, Halifax (av. 2 wks)	52
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Cornwall (av. 2 wks)	52
Capt. May, New Westminster (av. 2 wks)	52
Capt. Clark, Fredericton (av. 2 wks)	51
Sister Eva Ellison, Gall (av. 2 wks)	51
Bro. Rogers, Montreal I. (av. 2 wks)	50
Father Dixon, Temple (av. 2 wks)	50
Cadet Higdon, St. John's I, Nfld. (av. 2 wks)	47
Cand. Kinney, Strathroy (av. 2 wks)	47
Sister May Donovan, Fredericton (av. 2 wks)	46
Lieut. Dora, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	46
Capt. McLeod, North Sydney (av. 2 wks)	46
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville (av. 2 wks)	46
Sergt. Brass, Hamilton (av. 2 wks)	46
Capt. Green, Summerside (av. 2 wks)	43
Sister Winfree, Temple (av. 2 wks)	43
Sister Freeman, Montreal I. (av. 2 wks)	43
Sergt. James Moore, Halifax (av. 2 wks)	42
Cadet Anderson, Rat Portage (av. 2 wks)	41
Sister May Robinson, Riversdale (av. 2 wks)	41
Sister Wyatt, St. John's I, Nfld. (av. 2 wks)	40
Sister Laidson, St. John's I, Nfld. (av. 2 wks)	40
Sergt. Gamble, Summerside (av. 2 wks)	40
Lieut. Payton, Listowel (av. 2 wks)	40
Capt. Burton, Hamilton II (av. 2 wks)	40
Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	39
Sister Mrs. Johnson, Missoula (av. 2 wks)	37
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton (av. 2 wks)	37
Sister Me Rao, Woodstock, N. B. (av. 2 wks)	36
Hand Wilson, Strathroy (av. 2 wks)	36
Capt. Howcroft, Gravenhurst (av. 2 wks)	36
Capt. A. W. Condo, Campbellford (av. 2 wks)	36
Sister Maude Dunstan, Wallaceburg (av. 2 wks)	35
Emily Howell, Riversdale (av. 2 wks)	35
Cadet Melkie, Pictou, N. S. (av. 2 wks)	35
Capt. Jackson, Grand Forks (av. 2 wks)	35
Capt. Hart, Temple (av. 2 wks)	35
Cadet Geo. Morrison, Summerside (av. 2 wks)	34
Lieut. Nowhray, Kentville (av. 2 wks)	33
Cadet Howcroft, Gravenhurst (av. 2 wks)	33
Capt. Stollker, Riversdale (av. 2 wks)	33
Sister M. Hilly, St. Thomas, Ont. (av. 2 wks)	32
Sister May Harper, Montreal I. (av. 2 wks)	31
Maggie Muecke, Campbellford (av. 2 wks)	30
Sergt. Howman, Newmarket (av. 2 wks)	29
Sergt. Mottola, Cornwall (av. 2 wks)	29
Sister Penny, St. John's I, Nfld. (av. 2 wks)	29
Sister Florence Burke, Lunenburg (av. 2 wks)	29

Bro. Simpson, Regina	30
Sister Martha, St. Thomas	30
Lieut. Pynn, Walkerton	30
Mrs. Burke, Belleville	30
Lieut. Barrager, Grand Forks (av. 2 wks)	30
Capt. LeDrew, Brandon, Man.	29
Beckie Bliss, Ottawa	29
Ensign Wright, Woodstock, N. B.	29
Sister Louie Scott, Guelph	29
Sergt. Douglass, Cornwall	29
Sergt. Verrier, Ottawa	29
Capt. Wilkins, Rat Portage	29
Mrs. Capt. Cate, Campbellford	29
Sister Blanche Ferguson, Hamilton I.	29
Sister Mrs. Green, Peterboro	29
Sister Jennie Bowering, Peterboro	29
Sister Minnie Woods, Peterboro	29
Sister Fisher, St. John's I, Nfld.	29
Wm. Stevens, Riversdale	29
Capt. Barker, St. Thomas	29
Sergt. M. Root, Belleville	29
Mrs. Jubbo, Pictou, Ont.	29
Uncle George, Hamilton	29
Sergt. Schuyder, Pembroke	29
Sister Barker, Fredericton	29
Lieut. Russell, Ottawa	29
Father Curry, Hamilton	29
Sister Adams, Oshawa	29
Ensign Attwell, Riversdale	29

We thought it strange the other week when we recorded the use to which a War Cry had been put, viz. to stop an express train, but the following sounds quite as strange, if not more so:—

A gent in hotel bought nine Crys and handed them to the bar-tender to give away to needy folks like himself. Next week I gained a sale and was informed War Crys on the "Bill of Fare" for Sunday dinner. War Cry asked for and handed round. On enquiry at the hotel found statement correct. "Salvation young man reads Cry on Tuesday after and buys a copy. Yours to push the Cry—S. Rayner, Ensign.

F. P. has vivid recollections of roast pork and apple sauce, and even roast mutton with mint sauce, but the above certainly commends itself as being both strikingly original and deliciously digestible. F. P. will take another helping of the above excellent dish.

Every doomer who thinks life copies a good total for a new beginner like a volley. That's the record of Sister Ellison, of Vancouver. Your dooming comrades welcome you, and will gladly make way for you to step in just where you like. It all rests with yourself. A good start is half the race, so many say. Prove it comrade.

"Crys sold out, first time for months." Whence is this startling announcement? From Gravenhurst, where boometh the Howcroft's, Captain and Cadet. "We meet the trains and have good success." That sentence spells enterprise. Say, is there a depot in your town? Try your skill at meeting trains, only take F. P.'s advice and "wait until the train stops."

How much more interesting our boomers' column would look if we only had some photos. What do you think of it? You agree with F. P.: Then let us have yours first.

Only to see your booming race, Oh, how it would F. P. please, This joy alone is all I crave, Only to see your face.

## A Booming Incident.

The following is from our correspondent at Ingersoll:—

The Rev. Mr. M.—is a practical friend of the War Cry. Capt. Ottawa on her bent on Saturday afternoon. Captain, Hardware Merchant, Clerks. Capt. to Merchant—"Will you have he Cry to-day?"

Merchant—"No, not to-day thank you." 1st Clerk—"Not to-day." 2nd Clerk—"Not to-day."

Enter Rev. Mr. M.—bought Crys for the Merchant and himself, with "never mind the change, Captain."

Also on market a short time ago, he bought five War Crys from the Lieut., giving them away. "Bread cast upon the waters shall be seen after many days."

God bless our Church of England Rector—M. K., Res. Cor.

("Amen!" say boomers all.—Ed.)

You didn't get to the "big go," and neither the big go nor us got anywhere near you, so the only thing left is for us to gaze upon thy photos. Send them along boomers, sure will be taken of them and returned if needed.

We shall endeavour to publish the result of the War Cry Race in an early issue, with particulars as to prize, etc.

"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost."—Rom. xv. 13.

Yours, FOUNTAIN PEN.

## HONOR ROLL.

Capt. McIntyre, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	400
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock, 235	Mrs. Ensign Fraser, New Glasgow, 157
Sergt. John Morrison, Gloucester, N.S., 180	Cadet Woodworth, Winnipeg, 150
Coolen, St. John, N.B., 150	Jos. Dunkley, St. Georges, 149 (av. 3 wks), 135
Cand. Ringle, Strathroy, 135	Lieut. Lloyd, Portage la Prairie (av. 2 wks), 135
Ensign Walker, Belleville, Ont., 120	Cadet Iva Strong, Winnipeg, 118
Mrs. Adjt. Gale, Port Arthur, 116	Sis. Mrs. Terry, Lindsay, 107
Capt. J. W. Clark, Fredericton, N.B., 104	Cand. Mrs. Skeedon, 100
Lieut. Dora, Pictou, Ont., 93	Ensign Stalger, St. Albans, Vt., 82
Capt. McManney, St. Albans, Vt., 82	Adjt. Aikenhead, Halifax I., 80
Lieut. Siech, Pembroke, 77	Capt. Day, Bridgeville, N.S. (av. 2 wks), 75
Lieut. Burton, Chatham, 75	Sergt. Brass, Hamilton I., 72
Ensign Parker, Quebec, 68	Lieut. Sparks, Fredericton, N. B., 66
Adjt. Blackburn, Cornwall, 65	Capt. Peary, New Glasgow, 60
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I., 60	Capt. Parsons, Liverpool, 60
Sergt. More, Liverpool, 60	Capt. Lott, Owen Sound, 57
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I., 55	Miss Yeomans, Chatham, 54
Lieut. Dora, Ottawa, 52	Sergt. Jesse Louch, Tilbury (av. 2 wks), 52
Capt. William, Renfrew (av. 2 wks), 51	Lieut. O'Neill, Renfrew (av. 2 wks), 51
Capt. May, New Westminster, 50	Cadet Davis, St. John, N.B., 50
Lieut. Jordson, Bothwell (av. 2 wks), 50	Lieut. Meeks, Faversham, 45
John Smith, St. Georges, Ber., 45	Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Cornwall, 45
Lieut. Green, Sydney, C.I., 41	Cadet M. Howcroft, Gravenhurst, 42
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville, 40	Mrs. Scott, Guelph, 40
Capt. Newell, Halifax I., 40	Capt. Dwyer, Portage la Prairie, 40
Capt. Cate, Campbellford, 40	Sergt. Duncan, Montreal I., 40
Capt. Sullivan, Ottawa, 36	Sis. Sullivan, Ottawa, 36
Lieut. Kell, Rat Portage, 35	Sergt. Emily Howell, Riversdale (av. 2 wks), 35
Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt., 35	Capt. Burton, Hamilton II, 31
Travis, Martin, St. Thomas, 32	Sis. Mary Robinson, Riversdale (av. 2 wks), 32
Cadet Anderson, Rat Portage, 31	Mrs. Payton, Wallaceburg, 31
Mrs. Mattie, Cornwall, 30	Capt. J. Stollker, Riversdale (av. 2 wks), 30
Capt. Howcroft, Gravenhurst, 30	Sis. George Freeman, Montreal I., 30
Capt. May, New Westminster, 30	Capt. May, New Westminster, 30
Capt. Barker, St. Thomas, 27	Bro. McBean, Wallaceburg, 27
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton, N.B., 25	Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall, 25
Mrs. Capt. Day, Fredericton, N.S., 25	Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt., 25
Capt. Burton, Hamilton I., 24	Capt. Jarvis, Bothwell, 23
Cadet Reeves, St. John, N. B., 22	Sister Brooks, Fredericton, N. B., 22
Sergt. Brooks, Fredericton, N. B., 22	Sergt. Liddle, Barre, Vt., 21
Ensign Attwell, Riversdale, 20	Mother Lewis, Montreal I., 20
S. M. George, Colby, Montreal I., 20	Sergt. Schuyder, Pembroke, 20
Father Curry, Hamilton I., 20	Mrs. Jubbo, Pictou, N. S., 20
Sister Stern, Pictou, N. S., 20	Lulu Kitchen, Chatham, 20
Cadet McIvor, St. John, N.B., 20	Mrs. Fuller, Chatham, 20
Sergt. Root, Belleville, 20	Sis. Buck, Belleville, 20
VanNorman, Guelph, 20	Myrtle, Crawford, Guelph, 20
Lieut. Krell, New Westminster, 20	Bro. Hamilton I., 20
Thelma, George, Hamilton I., 20	Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I., 20

## SHEA'S NOTES.

Do you let pass—into eternity—many of the opportunities you have for speaking or doing a little tiny bit for Jesus?

I am exceedingly sorry that I was not trained and instructed more in righteousness, temperance and general industry when I was a child; but I can never be too old to learn and advance.

Has the everyday life you have lived been one of spiritual blessing to your acquaintances?

I know two great ways to get blessed in this life.—First, by having your Bible as I read it in secret and speaking and praying in public at every opportunity.

Do you do all the good deeds, and say all the good things you have the opportunity to every day?

Are you a sinner? How bad Jesus must feel about you, seeing His salvation has been spread all over the earth for so many years, and you still refuse to give Him your heart!

Are you a Christian? How bad the angels and the "Christians who have gone before" must feel as they behold the indolent, come-day-go-day manner in which you serve your Lord. Why don't you "up" and do something for Him?

God's eye beholds you continually, but do you live daily—hourly—continually in His presence at your meals, smiling at your sanctified life; or have you forgotten Him, and let Self rule your life?



## SISTER MRS. SQUIRES, HANNOX, D.

Our comrade and sister, Mrs. Squires, has been called to her eternal reward, passing away very suddenly, Monday, Oct. 18th. Our sister was to have been enrolled in about two weeks, but it pleased God to enroll her with the blessed washed in heaven. We gave her an Army funeral. At the memorial service on Sunday a large crowd attended and we believe the Holy Spirit whispered to many a soul to be also ready.—J. M. Mercer, Capt.

## MRS. WARREN STANLEY, NORTH HEAD, N. B.

It is with sorrow we write of the death of our dearly beloved comrade, Mrs. Warren Stanley, who has been a faithful soldier for about twelve years. She had been a great sufferer for about three years when our Heavenly Father saw fit to take her to Himself. Our hearts were filled with thankfulness to God that in the last hour she was testifying of Jesus, and had the assurance that she would dwell with Him in heaven. It was with sad hearts that we laid her remains in the grave. Our hearts went up in prayer to God that we might be kept true and faithful and meet her in heaven.—A. Hillech, Capt.

## SISTER WOOD, OF ST THOMAS, ONT.

I have just been privileged to be at the death bed of our dear comrade, Sister Wood, who after a long and lingering illness was promoted to glory on Saturday, Oct. 31st. Up to the last few minutes of her life she was conscious of her surroundings, saying, "Don't cry, just be patient, I'll soon be gone."

In life she was a soldier for Christ which had its influence on all, especially her unsaved children, and at her death one was led to say.

## "My God, Give Me Mother's Religion."

Her funeral service was short, yet impressive. We are looking for someone to come forth and fill the gap in the ranks.—T. Ford Barker, Capt.

## DIED AT SARNIA

One of our old veterans, John Luxton, in the sixty-third year of his age, after some months of severe illness and pain from rheumatism, went home to glory to receive his reward for carrying the S.A. colors for upwards of twelve years. A more faithful Sergeant and warrior would be hard to find while health permitted. All who were acquainted with Sarnia will remember Color-Sergt. John Luxton at the front of the march.

## SISTER MRS. JOHN MACKIE, GLANCE BAY, C.B.

It is with feelings of profound regret that we have to record this week the death of our much loved comrade, Mrs. John Mackie. About six years ago, at Bay Roberts, Nfld., I first formed acquaintance with Mrs. Mackie (then Family Parsons). During my command at that corps she held the position of J. S. Sergt.-Major, and always evinced a spirit of interest in her work. Many a time have I been greatly blessed while listening to her words of testimony and watching her face, as someone remarked, like the face of an angel. Her illness was very brief, only one week, and then the silver cord was loosed and the spirit of our dear sister fled away to the realms of bliss. We gave her an Army funeral, and although the weather was very disagreeable, quite a number attended the service. As we stood around the open grave we pledged ourselves afresh to God, to live, fight and die for Him. Pray for the bereaved husband, who is also a true Salvationist, and the motherless babe.

## In Memoriam.

Gone from all the din of battle,  
Gone from all the strife of sin,  
Gone to wear the crown immortal,  
Gone to be with Christ, her King

Gone where leaves do never wither,  
Gone where joy can never fade,  
Gone to wave the palm of victory,  
Gone to be in white arrayed.

Bye-and-bye, beloved comrade,  
When our work and toll is o'er,  
We shall greet you with rejoicing,  
On the bright eternal shore.

—T. Penny, Ensign; A. Bradbury, Capt.



## SALVATION

Tune.—Precious Love

1 Lord, I make  
All I have  
With Thy love  
Come and e

Cleanse me now  
Blessed Jesus, of  
Cleanse me now  
Blessed Jesus,

Long my heart  
Thee  
In Thy fulness  
And to never doubt  
But to live for

Often I have grieved  
And the thought  
But the blood now  
Cleanses me from

From this moment  
And Thy soldier  
By the Holy Spirit  
Help me ever fight  
Staff-Capt.

Tunes.—Euphony  
(B. J., 167, 22)

2: Stella

2 O Love! Thee  
My soul  
Covered is spot  
Nor spot can

White Jesus's blood  
skies  
Mercy, free, bound

Though waves and  
head  
Though strength  
friends be gone  
Though joys be won  
Though every comrade  
On this my steady  
Father! Thy m

Fixed on this ground  
Though my heart  
cay  
This anchor shall  
When earth's four  
Mercy's full power  
Loved with an e

Blessed  
Tune.—Ov

3 Saviour, as we  
And we down  
Oh, come now  
Blessed  
We have learned  
And we always  
Since of Thee we  
Blessed J

Cho

Blessed Jesus,  
Thou art with us  
As we in Thy ser  
Blessed Jesus  
Help us all to do  
Blessed J

Keep our hearts  
Help us make the  
While Thy praise  
Blessed J

# SALVATION SHOUTS



## CLEANSE ME NOW.

Tune.—Precious Name, oh, how sweet.  
 1 Lord, I make a full surrender,  
 All I have I give to Thee;  
 With Thy love so rich and tender,  
 Come and ever live in me.

## Chorus.

Cleanse me now; cleanse me now;  
 Blessed Jesus, cleanse me now;  
 Cleanse me now; cleanse me now;  
 Blessed Jesus, cleanse me now!

Long my heart has sighed to know  
 Thee  
 In Thy fullness as my own;  
 And to never doubt or grieve Thee,  
 But to live for Thee alone.

Often I have grieved Thee sorely,  
 And the thought now gives me pain;  
 But the blood now flowing o'er me  
 Cleanses me from every stain.

From this moment I will serve Thee,  
 And Thy soldier I will be;  
 By the Holy Spirit serve me,  
 Help me ever faithful be.  
 Staff-Capt. J. C. Ludgate.

Tunes.—Euphony (B. J., 138, D); Eaton  
 (B. J., 167, 2); Madrid (B. J., 118,  
 2); Stella.

2 O Love! Thou bottomless abyss!  
 My sins are swallowed up in Thee;  
 Covered is my unrighteousness,  
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me.

While Jesus' blood, through earth and  
 skies  
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries!

Though waves and storms go o'er my  
 head,  
 Though strength, and health, and  
 friends be gone,  
 Though joys be withered all, and dead;  
 Though every comfort be withdrawn,  
 On this my steadfast soul relies:  
 Father! Thy mercy never dies.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,  
 Though my heart fall and flesh de-  
 cay;  
 This anchor shall my soul sustain  
 When earth's foundations melt away:  
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
 Loved with an everlasting love.

## BLESSED JESUS.

Tune.—Over Jordan.

3 Saviour, as we hear Thy call,  
 And we down before Thee fall,  
 Oh, come now and cleanse us all,  
 Blessed Jesus!

We have learned to love Thy voice,  
 And we always can rejoice,  
 Since of Thee we've made our choice,  
 Blessed Jesus!

## Chorus.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus:  
 Thou art with us day and night,  
 As we in Thy service fight:  
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus:  
 Help us all to do the right,  
 Blessed Jesus!

Keep our hearts from every fear,  
 Help us make the story clear,  
 While Thy praise rings far and near,  
 Blessed Jesus!

In Memoriam.  
 all the din of battle,  
 n all the strife of sin,  
 ar the crown immortal,  
 he with Christ, her King.

o leaves do never wither,  
 o joys can never fade,  
 ive the palm of victory,  
 ve in white arrayed.

e, beloved comrade,  
 r work and toil is o'er,  
 meet you with rejoicing  
 right eternal shore.

Ensign: A. Bradbury, Capt.

Sinner, come and with us start,  
 With your old companions part,  
 Come and serve with all your heart,  
 Blessed Jesus!

Florence Halsby, Secretary.  
 Riverhead, L. I.

## THE SINNER'S VICTORY.

Tune.—Above the rest.

4 Christ gave His life for you and me,  
 His blood it flows to set us free;  
 Why, then, in sin do you remain?  
 You may be saved through His dear name.

## Chorus.

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
 "Take up thy cross and follow Me!"  
 (Repeat.)

Sinner, you must submit to Him  
 Before you can this pardon win:  
 Then cry, "O Lord, look down on me,  
 Through Jesus I now come to Thee!"

The loved ones who have gone before  
 Now wait for me upon the shore;  
 When fighting days on earth are o'er,  
 We then shall meet to part no more.

Oh, sinner, will you come to-day  
 And start upon the Heavenly way?  
 Then you a crown of life shall wear,  
 And all the joys of Heaven share.

M. Underwood.

Tune.—There is a better world (B. J.,  
 11, 3).

5 Oh, hear the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Come to Me, come to Me,  
 I am the Life, the Truth, the  
 Way.

Come to Me, come to Me.  
 My blood was shed on Calvary's tree  
 That you from sin quite free might be,  
 And dwell in Heaven eternally.  
 Come to Me! Come to Me!

"The way to you may not seem bright,  
 Look to Me! Look to Me!  
 You'll always find in Me the light.  
 Look to Me! Look to Me!

For I have trod the way before  
 So let your trust in Me be sure.  
 I'll lead you safe to Heaven's shore,  
 Look to Me! Look to Me!

"And when the storms of life are o'er  
 You shall come! You shall come!  
 And when the robe and crown of gold  
 You have won! You have won!  
 You with the angel host shall sing  
 All glory, honor to our King  
 Who did for us salvation bring.  
 Through His blood! Through His  
 blood!

T. Haynes, Belfast, IV.

## Tune.—Come to Jesus.

6 Weary sinner, come to Jesus,  
 Hear Him calling now for thee,  
 He has died to purchase freedom  
 For a sinner, such as thee.

## Chorus.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus.  
 Weary sinner, hear the call,  
 At the cross lay down your burden,  
 Let the Saviour take it all.

Though so long your Lord you've  
 slighted,  
 Still with arms extended wide,  
 He stands waiting now to save you,  
 Will you hasten to His side?

Now's the time to come to Jesus,  
 While He's waiting at the door,  
 Soon your chance will go forever,  
 You will hear His voice no more.

Oh, how sad 'twill be to meet Him,  
 With your garments stained with sin,  
 While the current still is flowing,  
 Enter in and be made clean.

Sergt. Lizzie Allard, Uxbridge.

Many commit sin and blame the devil,  
 Manners you may have, though you  
 have no minors.

Many a good drop of broth may come  
 out of an old pot.

When some people have nothing to say  
 they seem to talk most.

## GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

ESTRENGTHS of welcome and encour-  
 agement have been coming in  
 thick and fast this week, and I  
 sincerely thank my comrades and friends  
 for their kindly interest. It is indeed  
 appreciated.

From London Mayor Soutman writes:  
 "I shall be glad to do anything I can to  
 promote the interest of the G. B. M. in  
 this Province."

Your old friend of this department,  
 Brigadier Read, of the C. O. P., in his  
 hearty fashion says: "I am exceedingly  
 pleased at your appointment." \* \* \*

"Have been for a long time in charge  
 of this branch, and although I left it,  
 will not allow the interest from my side  
 to lessen. Rely upon me for any effort  
 or scheme you think necessary to ad-  
 vance." You are all saying, "God bless  
 him."

Brigadier Bennett, from the North-  
 West, writes: "I notice your appoint-  
 ment to the G. B. M. Secretaryship, and  
 you can rely upon me helping you all I  
 can in these matters."

Not only are the Provincial Secretaries  
 in hearty sympathy with us, but cheer-  
 ing notes come from the Provincial  
 Agents also.

Ensign Perry says: "Allow me, as the  
 Eastern Provincial Agent, to extend you  
 a welcome. I am sure you will find the  
 Eastern Local Agents as a whole a band  
 that will practically help you in this  
 grand scheme for raising funds to help  
 the fallen."

Capt. Cummins: "I welcome you to the  
 position of Light Brigade Secretary, and  
 hope that you shall be all the blessing to  
 the Provincial Agents, as well as the Box-  
 holders, that your soul desires to be. I  
 shall pray for you."

Our comrades far and near will be  
 sorry to hear that Ensign Sims, who has  
 worked so nobly and accomplished so  
 much for God in the C. O. P., is com-

mitted for family reasons to go home to  
 England on furlough. I am sure our  
 united prayers will follow him, and we  
 hope to have the pleasure of grasping  
 his hand in welcome in the not far dis-  
 tant future.

Ensign Barr, of the Pacific Province,  
 has handed over the reins to his suc-  
 cessor, who is no other than Adjt. Hay,  
 of Ontario fame. In addition to his  
 duties in connection with the Junior  
 Soldiers' War, he becomes the Provincial  
 Agent of the Light Brigade for the far  
 West. With the opening of their new  
 Shelter in Spokane, and not forgetting  
 the needs of Victoria and Vancouver  
 Shelters, the Rescue Homes in Helena  
 and Spokane, there is abundant need  
 for all the assistance that the boxes can  
 give to "poor Lazarus" at the above  
 institutions. God bless Adjt. Hay.

A ring at the bell and the door is opened  
 to admit Capt. Huxtable, who has re-  
 cently taken charge of Richmond St.  
 After a little conversation about the  
 "Mother Corps," the conversation turns  
 upon the subject of the Light Brigade  
 (which it is sure to do when one is really  
 interested) and the Captain assures me  
 that although this branch is not quite  
 as flourishing as it might be at his corps,  
 there is every probability of its improving.  
 His face brightens up when he says "I  
 am certain there is a number of homes  
 into which the little box could gain ad-  
 mission and I know of two sister com-  
 rades who would make fine Local  
 Agents."

Comrades of the Field, remember,  
 "There is that scattereth and yet in-  
 creaseth."

Although there have been some resig-  
 nations, there have also been quite a  
 number of new Agents appointed, among  
 them being—Bro. W. Cummins, of On-  
 tario; Sister Bailey, of Brampton (who  
 is taking her father's place); Mrs. P.  
 Poole, of Peversham; Bro. J. Thompson,  
 of Cagawby; Walter Knight (a Metho-  
 dist friend of Burk's Falls); Mr. Mc-  
 Clurg, of Warton; Mrs. Bowdman, of  
 Newmarket; Mrs. John Walker, of  
 Waterville, N. S.; Mr. P. Jean, of Liver-  
 pool, N. S.; Sister Lucy Ayrath, Halifax,  
 N. S.; Bro. Austin Vaughan, Kenilworth,  
 N. S.; Bro. Horton, Amherst, N. S.; Bro.  
 Cossett, Sydney; Mrs. Phillips, Joliette,  
 N. B.; Sister Susie Rose, St. Thomas,  
 N. D.

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## HELPS

FOR J. S. WORKERS.

### MORE SORROW.

Genesis xlv.

#### Extraordinary Orders Again.

**P**RIVATELY Joseph gave orders that every man's sack was to be well filled, all the money returned as before, and his own silver cup put into the sack of the youngest. This strange action was no doubt to see how the brethren would act towards Benjamin, thus placed in such a defenceless position, and whether their conduct was worthy of further help.

God often tests people in various ways, as Joseph did his brethren, to see if they can be trusted.

#### The Journey Interrupted.

In the early morning the party set out again, for journeys in the East are generally made in the cool of the day, either morning or evening, rest being necessary in the heat. They would probably start in good spirits, and on the way talk over the happy results of their visit, and the good treatment they had received. But they were arrested by the approach of Joseph's servant, who astonished them by accusing them of theft. The reference to the divining power of the missing cup is explained by the fact that the Egyptians were a very superstitious people, keeping a cup which was supposed to reveal future events. Of course, Joseph used his for drinking purposes only.

#### Indignant Denial.

The brothers did their best to convince the servant that they were not guilty of the charge he brought against them. They were so sure that it was all a mistake that they willingly consented to be searched and all punished if his statement was found true. But the steward said that only the one in whose property the cup was found should be his master's prisoner.

#### Disappointment and Dismay.

They were confident that their innocence would be proved, but how different it was. He (the steward) commences with the eldest and his hopes rise, but as in the sack of Benjamin Joseph's cup is found, imagine their horror. Their hopes ansed to the ground, they felt they could never face their suffering and aged father again.

#### Grief.

Seeing their clothes was a sign of great sorrow.

Although the steward would have allowed the rest to go home they would not let Benjamin be taken to Egypt alone, which was another proof that their feelings were different now toward their father's favorite son.

#### Judah's Pleading.

Judah could not explain the mystery, though he knew the charge was innocent of this particular charge. When he speaks of the discovery of iniquity he is evidently thinking of the past great sin which they committed.

Despite his apparent sternness Joseph must have felt glad as he saw how much better they treated Benjamin than they had long ago treated himself, especially as Judah pleaded so earnestly for some reprieve of the dreadful verdict. Judah reminded the governor of what had happened on their first visit to Egypt, and then of the great difficulty which they had had as expected to persuade their father to allow Benjamin to come. As he described the home scene Joseph learnt that he was mourned as dead by his father. Deplct his feelings. Judah told him that to force them to return without Benjamin would surely hasten the old man's death.

Joseph discovers that Judah had solemnly pledged himself for his brother—the same Judah who had been so cruel to himself when a lad. Now Judah is truly repentant of the past, and is willing even to die for his brother, and for the sake of his old father. What a change!

All Judah's words point to the wonderfully meek and softened spirit which had taken possession of the brothers, once so headstrong and cruel. They had learned much through the anxiety and privation of the famine. God has to bring some people to their consciences by hunger, as in the case of the prodigal son.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What do you think was the reason Joseph put the cup into the sack of Benjamin?
2. Why were the brothers so sorry that the cup was found in that sack?
3. Why would Joseph be especially

## FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

By BRIGADIER SCOTT, late of the Maritime Provinces.

**I**T was Friday night. The meeting was getting under the way. Things appeared to point in the direction of success and blessing. Suddenly two men left the hall. Queries arise as to why they left. It was only a few minutes before we learned the cause. Voices outside, and shouts of "Fire!" soon quelled our surmises. Clearly the cry rang out,

### Fire! Fire!!

The meeting was broken up. Excitement appeared high on every hand. People ran eagerly to see the fire. From all quarters they come.

Some to help, and some to fight,  
Some to put the wrong to right,  
Some to struggle, some to save,  
Some to stop the awful blaze  
Of fire and destruction.

Some to watch, and some to pray,  
Some to put the fire away.  
Some to look, to watch, to gaze,  
While others worked to stop the blaze  
Of fire and destruction.

"What was it?" came the question from a good many quarters.  
"A factory."  
"Any insurance?"  
"None whatever."

These are a few expressions that escape the lips of the multitude, as they watched the dreadful calamity that night. Sympathy poured forth from all hearts and no one stood there but what felt in deep sympathy with the owner in his loss.

The firemen like heroes dashed into their work with real enthusiasm. They fought, worked, toiled and counted not their lives dear unto them, that they might save, and put out the fire. The crowd assisted.

Some did help the firemen brave.  
Some the house and things to save,  
Some to dash upon the wave,  
And move with heart and soul to save  
From fire and destruction.

See the men with toll and care  
Climb the ladders. Watch! Look there!  
Hurry up, the water pass,  
There she goes, hark! Crash, crash,  
Crash.

Through fire and destruction,  
Cold it is without a doubt.  
Never mind, think what we're about.  
We to save the house must try.  
For ourselves we have no sigh.  
Save we must  
From fire and destruction.

See that man the dangers brave,  
Watch the eagerness to save.  
The house, the things inside so dear.  
And bless all hands with joy and cheer,  
And peace and satisfaction.

It was not a question of theory or sentimentalism. No! not by any means. It was not a sermon as much as a shout. Not a prayer so much as a practice. Not advice so much as aid. Not watch so much as work.

It was not a question of consultation, nor the formation of a committee, nor the signing of "Rock of ages, cleft for me."

No! It was a fight, a desperate encounter, a conflict.

glad to hear Judah pleading so earnestly for his brother?

4. What means does God often use to bring His wandering children to a sense of their true position?

#### MEMORY TEXT.

"God hath found out the iniquity."

### Three Young Men and Their Quest.

The wise old Husean sat at his door when three young men passed eagerly by.

"Are you following after anyone, my sons?" he said.

"I follow after Pleasure," said the oldest.

"I am after Riches," said the second, "Pleasure is only to be found with Riches."

"And you, my little one?" he asked the third.

"I follow after Duty," he modestly said.

And each went his way. The aged Husean in his journey came upon three men.

Not to talk so much as tackle, not faith so much as fight, not words so much as war. There was the need. There was the fire, and quick to save, to stop the flames, was what was wanted. Men were wanted with heart, feeling and hope. Men of fancy fads, and whims of opinions, notions and nummy-pummy-ism would be of little use in such a case. Men of war, daring, fire, and undaunted enthusiasm would fill the bill much better. Yes, that's it.

To save, we must be saved. My comrades, is there not a fire, a fire on earth as well as in hell. A fire that destroys and consumes?

The soul for whom the Saviour died. The heart purchased by Christ the crucified.

The Spirit dear to Him above. The life so precious that could lose God, man, and all creation.

It burns within the heart of man, it leads him to hell's bitter plan, and curses home, wife, children dear, Hell, devil, urge him on with cheer, Until he's damned forever.

Have you not seen a fire? Has it not been exhibited in your meetings, in your visitation, your open-air, and your untiring bombardment of sinners? Ah, that you have! What a heartful thing it would be if the fire was out. Glorious!

To put out the FIRST would save from the SECOND.

Understand, that you cannot put out the latter, but you can stop the supplies. Are you in earnest to do this?

Are you full of excitement to put out the fire?

Are you desperately enthusiastic over your business? Are you daring

To save all men from death and sin.

To stop the crowd that hell must win.

Unless through salt and sterner brave They're brought from sin, death, and the grave.

To Christ and God's salvation.

Dash to the rescue, dare to save.

Excitement from the Saviour's grave.

Fusion to smother, passion to take.

All blood-bought souls for Jesus sake.

To Christ and God's salvation.

If it is necessary to put forth such efforts to put out the material fire, to save the property, is it not of more importance to put out the fire of hell, to save the sinner to bring back the lost—to raise the fallen? Ah, ten thousand times it is!

Oh, my comrades, does the burning passion for souls rate your life?

Does the zeal of His house ent you up?

Are you on fire?

What we want is more desperation.

We know sin abounds.

We know there are sinners.

No matter how we dress it up, or paint it, or decorate it, it is sin all the same.

We will a spade a spade.

Sin is sin.

Not only are we aware of sin existing, but we rejoice in the Almighty power of God to save sinners.

Your day and time will soon be gone.

Are you longer, it will only be short.

What you do, do well. Be earnest. Be freed from form and sentimentalism.

Seek a baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire, and let the love of Christ and Obedience to your whole time and attention to save the souls for whom He died.

"And bring them to His open side,

The sheep for whom their Shepherd died."

"My son," he said to the eldest, "methinks thou wert the youth, who was following after Pleasure. Didst thou overtake her?"

"No, father," answered the man. "Pleasure is but a phantom that flies as one approaches."

"Thou didst not follow the right way, my son."

"How didst thou fare," he asked the second.

"Pleasure is not with Riches," he answered.

"And thou," continued Husean, addressing the youngest,

"As I walked with Duty," he replied, "Pleasure walked ever by my side."

"It is always thus," said the old man. "Pleasure pursued is not overtaken. Only his shadow is caught by him who pursues. She herself goes hand in hand with Duty, and they who make Duty their companion have always the companionship of Pleasure."

When people find out that it is blessed to give, they never want to stop.

## THE WAY TO POWER.

**F**OR the individual believer, and above all, for every laborer in the God's vineyard, the only way to obtain spiritual power is by secret waiting at the throne of God for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Every moment spent in real prayer is a moment spent in refreshing the fire of God in one's soul. We said before, that this fire cannot be simulated; nothing else will produce its effects. No more can the means of obtaining it be forged. Nothing but the Lord's own appointed means; nothing but "waiting at the throne;" nothing but keeping the heart under "the eyes of the Lamb," to be again, and again, and again penetrated by His spirit, can put the soul into that condition in which it is a meet instrument to impart the light and power of God to other men.

## "BONES OF IRON."

**A**N Australian Major thus addressed his comrades in the Self-Denial Campaign:

Comrades in Arms.—For this great Self-Denial battle I send greetings to you. At this hour the fire of enthusiasm is burning, and the gushing benevolence of Jesus, I trust, is like a great sea, sweeping your very soul. Let "Excellence" be your motto! Take notice of many who use much care and do nothing, but are like floating icebergs—chilling or striking to death the devoted, consecrated effort of those who light to win. Be a moving pillar of fire, set your love to the pure Calvary soil. Perish discretion, when it interferes with duty. Your officers are telling, and they need bodies as vigorous as the oxen, and, like Simeon's man, ribs of brass, bones of iron, sinews of steel; but God can so empower him or her, may strengthen them for the fray. To arms, ye heroes! and pray daily in the language of the poet:

"Hold may I win, exceeding hold,

Aly high commission to perform."

It is not the pomp of acres that is wanted, but action. Difficulties must inspire determination. Daily individual action must be the order of the day until the Angel of Victory shall appear, with wings over every faithful, loyal, hard-working Salvationist.—J. Berkinshaw, Major.

## ESSENTIAL ISOLATION.

**W**HEN a lecturer on electricity wants to show an example of a human body surcharged with his fire, he places a person on a stool with glass legs. The glass serves to isolate him from the earth, because it will not conduct the fire—the electric fluid. Were it not for this, however much might be poured into his frame, it would be carried away by the earth; but when isolated from it, he retains all that enters him. You see no fire; but you are told that it is pouring into him. Presently you are challenged to the proof of it—asked to come near and hold your hand close to the person. When you do so a spark of fire shoots out towards you. If you then would have your soul surcharged with the fire of God, so that those who come nigh to you shall feel some mysterious influence proceeding out from thee, thou must draw nigh to the source of that power, to the throne of God and of the Lamb, and shut thyself out from the world—that cold world, when so swiftly steals our fire away. Enter into thy closet, and shut the door, and there, isolated "before the Throne," await the baptism; then the fire shall fill thee, and when thou comest forth, holy power will attend thee, and thou shalt labor, not in thine own strength, but "with demonstration of the Spirit and with power."

When we detail our troubles to another, we magnify them to ourselves; when we keep them quiet in subjection, they sink in importance.

Let no false shame hold the most timid soldier back from collecting for Self-Denial, as we need not be ashamed to ask for His cause anything from anybody. Collecting for Self-Denial is the true test of humility.

A tedious, monotonous preacher had exhausted the patience of his hearers by an elaborate dissertation on the four greater prophets, when, to their disgust, he passed on to the minor and asked, "And now, my brethren, where shall we place Hosea?" A man rose from the congregation and answered, "You can place him here, sir, I'm off."

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printers House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.

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